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TRUTH IN THE WELL.

BY FRANK J. OTTARSON.

"Truth lies at the bottom of the well."—*Ancient Proverb.*

They told me Truth was in a well;
I looked to see how fair was she!
What saw I there? Myself, poor elf!
To find my face alone was there!

So you were false, while I was true;
And for my life-frame passed away!
Hope's visions, all of amber hue,
Were broken—and the sky was gray.

Beneath that gray sky, roaming on,
I pass the wide world hand and round
The light of life forever gone,
And bearing one unbending wound.

I look in all the lakes and wells,
And search for Truth—but find, alas!
Her face alone; my sorrow tells
One only true—so, her! ah, me!

A FATAL INHERITANCE.

BY ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF THE "CIVIL SERVICE," THE "WHITE THRONE," THE "SPIRAL VORTEX," ETC.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

A SCENE OF VIOLENCE.

A bright southern sun shone over a venerable homestead, magnificent, and complete in all its details. The stately building arose in the centre, with its many darkened windows in the highest sun, and wings, two stories in height, stretched out on either side, the whole surrounded by wide verandas that extended around the entire house.

This mansion of brick, which time had toned down in color till the walls were a russet hue, had harmonized with the venerable looking trees which mingled their branches on the park-like lawn, and grouped together in the rear, forming a woodland through which wound many pleasant paths leading to picturesque drives.

These drives wound its graceful way to the front entrance, bordered with azaleas in full bloom, the different shades of color, from white to deep scarlet, so arranged as to offer the most pleasing contrasts to the eye. The yellow jessamine emitted a delicious perfume from their delicate bell-shaped flowers, mingling with the sweet scent of the rose.

But the object most worthy of notice, in approaching the house, was a magnificent live-oak which stood in the wide expanse of sward around which the road wound. The girth of this tree was enormous, and from its gnarled and knotty stem branches extended horizontally, some of which, indeed, were not much more than a hundred feet in extent. At the extremities these branches curved downward, each one bearing long wreaths of Spanish moss, its pale gray tint and feathery lightness contrasting with the vivid green of the spring foliage. Picturesque as this mighty monarch of the grove was, all its beauty was not seen till the boughs were put aside, and the lower part of the trunk, which, at a little distance, resembled formed by its drooping branches, with their long lines of pendant moss. The bright sun glinting through the upper portion of the tree, lighting up the tangled web of moss, rough and trunk, was reflected below, relieving the sombre gloom of the arca thus heavily shaded.

In this shadowy temple rustic seats had been placed, and a table was also there, under the supposed which were made of twisted saplings, and the top was a smooth slab of cedar inlaid with small squares of walnut wood, forming a mosaic pattern. A child's toys were scattered over this, and from one of the tree boughs a swing with a basket chair in it was suspended.

Reclining in this was a little girl about three years old, whose golden curls were confined by a scarf of muslin and silk, which also wound more than once around her dainty little figure. The infant was a perfect bud of beauty, with a look of precocious intelligence in its round dimpled face as a young child.

Her brow was broad and low, shaded by curls of the richest golden hue, and her eyes of darkest shade of hazel. Her complexion was of the soft creamy hue of the magnolia flower; and, in full development, the little Lucia Layton promised to be that rarest and most attractive type of feminine beauty, a southern blonde.

Born to wealth, high position, an ancient name, queen of all she approached, cherished by her parents, and petted and cared for, the child was to become a helpless babyish, winding among paths too rough for those tender feet to wander through without frequent suffering. A sinless victim to a bad man's guile, the child was already darkening over that infant head, and the storm making ready to burst in its fury.

A mild, fair woman, dressed in the most delicate robe, with neatest turban on her head and immense gold rings in her ears, moved the swing gently to and fro, speaking in pettishing tones occasionally to the youngster and then striking off again into a lullaby she was fond of singing to the child:

"Hush, my baby, don't you cry,
Mother's gone to the market, honey,
For you'll be as pretty as a picker, my own!
Mother's gone to the market, honey, honey,
I do wonder if she is de master comin'
trumpin' in here like a cockuk. That be is, sure as shooting, and he knows enough to go to dats' suffin drefful."

The branches of the tree were torn rudely asunder, and a tall, well-formed man strode into the open space within. He was a very handsome mulatto, but worn in a careless, dissipated manner. His dress was that of a wealthy city-bred planter, and he moved master-ly under his own control. One glance at his flushed face and gleaming eyes would have told he had been drinking heavily, and a second one would have satisfied an observer that he was dangerous when in that condition.

He was very much disturbed, showing his large white teeth tightly together, his hands were clenched convulsively, and shook pillowed the flesh, and to the covering negress he looked like some huge animal making ready for a deadly spring upon his prey.

The sudden gloom into which Edward Layton had plunged rendered objects indistinct for a few moments, and he stood till his eyes became accustomed to the semi-twilight that reigned in this temple not made with hands; but to was by no means quiet during that interval, for the voice of the child was heard, and that came loudly from between the locked teeth:

"Where is she? Where is my wife? Where is the woman who took me for my gold? who took another husband when she married me? Where is she, I say? for I have come to kill her! Where is she, I say? Speak, you miserable wretch, before I shoot you! I swear to God I will! I see how I was duped—what a fool I made of myself for a pretty face. But she shall rue the day she ever saw me—she shall—she shall, or my name's not Layton!"

By this time he could distinguish objects, and the swing with its tiny occupant, and the dusky face of the frightened nurse stood out in bold relief. He saw the child, and turned toward them, striking every now and then some falling on the face. The woman had placed herself between him and the infant; but the little girl, aroused from the half slumber in which she had been lying, raised her head at the sound of the loud talking, and cried:

"Papa—poor papa—spur adin—fall on de damn fool and choke Lazy and her papa."

But this time Lucia discovered by his quivering lip and the angry look in his eyes that there was nothing but danger for her mother in his roughly said:

"Run away, I choose to come—choose to take you in my arms, and carry you away from this gloomy den—what, can you do to help yourself, oh, my little doll?"

"Yes, yes—go, go away, sir! I can't tie you."

"I dare say the young tiger-cat is ready to bite my hand," said Edward Layton, with a savage laugh. "Come to me, Lucy, you've got more sense than mother's coward, and run to me, and that is why I love you, if you are her child. Come, little one, I won't stay to be kicked by the nurse, so run to me, and hold on to my neck."

"Yes, papa," was the energetic response. "Oh fall—on hurt me."

"But you shall go—so there, Miss," and he put out his sinewy hand to grasp her; but she uttered a powerful shriek and clung to her nurse.

Again trembling fingers the woman had been trying to unfasten the scarf which held the child in its place, and having accomplished this, she loosened the buckles, and the little person of the child was seized by the shoulders, and with deep set black eyes, overshadowed by heavy brows, and a mouth distorted by passion, the child's head was stretched out like wings across his sprer leg, and beneath his calm a small left of heart was permitted to grow.

It was a hard and malicious face, and the look with which he watched the approach of the child was strange and unnatural, almost demoniac. He laughed softly, and then muttered:

"He has almost done for himself already. Five years he has kept me out of our uncle's fortune, but it won't be so long hereafter. I'll have to wait. As to the child, she shan't long be in my way. She is the old Nick's own child of vermin, if he was safely disposed of. I give her to the devil, and he may have her, for I don't want her, for one thing, and for two she only adds to the loss. Strange how it is, that strong men like me could stand before the fire and not shrink from drink, and a wiry fellow like me can drink all I do, but their brains give only and he has lately taken to absinthe. That makes me a fool, and I am no fool.

I wonder what he has been saying to Alice to make her look so pale and frightened. I believe I told the truth when I said she had romantic attachment to Guy Prentice. It set me thinking, and I threw myself heavily on the table, and when she spoke the tempter who was leading him on to ruin, and wiped the drops from his brow, as he said:

"I wish I hadn't done it, but I don't think she's much hurt. Such a light creature could not hurt very much.

"Is she dead? Haven't been knocking your wife down, I hope. Vulgar—no fun for a Layton—for you down to a gentleman you know."

A fierce gleam of anger came into the eyes of the other, and he clenched his hands savagely.

He kept out of my way, and it is well she did, for I do not know what I might have done if I had found her there. I don't know what I may do yet when I see her false face again. I went down to the place she takes refuge in with her child when I am—or I see; but I only found the little one and the nurse.

He paused, and Crimin said, with a strange look:

"It is scarcely did not attack a baby like that? and she your only child and heiress?"

"I was beside myself with anger at her pertness. I was going to bring her here to punish her dame among the grapes and sing for you, but the little man told me I wasn't fit to carry her, and I—threw her on the ground. Her arm was sprained, but I think that was all. You heard me calling her names—she's gone for the doctor."

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"Is that all? Haven't been knocking your wife down, I hope. Vulgar—no fun for a child?" said Crimin almost diabolically. "What will her mother say when she knows what you have done?"

"How dare? what do I care what she says? I had almost learned to hate her before you came, and now I know I do not love her, and no longer wish her. I've threatened to kill her more than once, and now I believe I shall do it.

"Ah! bah! threatened people live long. Besides, I shall advise Alice to leave this and leave you to your own devices. It is the most sensible thing she can do, and I mean to have done to-day, I think she will find it to her interest to do so."

Layton stared at him blankly. After a pause, he said:

"She may go, and welcome, but she shall not have the child. She is my heiress and I have the best right to her. Are you a safe friend, to talk of advising my wife to leave me?"

Crimin calmly replied:

"For your sake it is the best thing I can do. You only wish to have an excuse for indicted for the murder of his wife, and if you go on as you have lately it will come to that in the end. Ha, ha! I wonder what our friends would say if they knew that his graces did see how his pattern nephew has been behaving? Ha, ha! a pretty scrape for a man of his high youth and old name and prosperity; it is a fine picture to some natives."

"Yes, you are a devil!" Layton said, shaking his clenched fist toward the speaker.

"Yes, I am a devil, and you are a fool to excite me as a traitor to his blood and name; but I am not going to give you one on the tempter who has led me on to destruction. Now, Layton, I am going to leave you, and once you have signed my offers to drop me down to the base level to which I have fallen. You have helped to inherit my money, I should be tempted to believe that you are trying to get rid of me, that you may get the fortune my uncle willed me to possess."

Layton's face grew a shocking ayon and ceriminal's was full of triumph. His passions were aroused, and they grew very pale; but he controlled himself sufficiently to speak with cynical calmness:

"You would be but a waste of breath to defend myself against such absurd charges as that you have just brought forward. But I have been reared together from boyhood, and am willing to make you a proposal. If you will sign over your two grants that I had at a quick sale than they are likely to be for years, I will give you five, I might help your wife to keep you in bounds, and if it had not been for our joint efforts you would have destroyed yourself before this time."

Layton leaned himself against the table, and with utterance which had suddenly become thick, said:

"You may go to the bloxes, and leave me to take care of myself, if you please. As to the grants, I—I will settle with her, and let her know th-that she's not to get you p-nor any one else to help her to manage me. I—I'll do as I please, if I die for it."

"A willful man will have his way," quoted Crimin, with a half smile; "and if you have made up your mind to the fate that threatens you, I am sure I shall say nothing against it. I'll say, since you wish it, but not to such a fate as that which you have just left. Good-by for some one to pay away with you when you are deserted by me? I believed myself a necessary to you as the air you breathe—as the absinthe you drink; yet you order me off in the most summary fashion."

While they talked Layton had drunk more than once from the bottle before him, and as he laid now full on the table helplessly, with his head resting on his arms.

"Fling—away—your—wife, alas! all—play presently—win back—I—"

The voice ceased, and he was sound asleep.

CHAPTER II.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

Crimin arose and looked down with scornful eyes upon the degraded man he had long labored to bring to such a pass as this. With subtle power, he had worked upon the pliant nature of the weak man, and he had fallen easily into his hands. He might need his services and my rude things, but he invariably came back to the first of his tempter, and was ruled by him more completely than before.

The woman had been scarcely married under the guardianship of an executive beckoned to the child, who had been watching the scene and startled with fear, but that is all. The next night his wife, the wife of John Crimin shall ever enter Layton as the master. The estate shall go with the old name, and the traveller's son shall be my heir."

He adhered to this determination; and when Edward Layton woke from his stupor before this time it was found that Edward Layton had been murdered in his own house, and under a usual principality in lands, with numerous slaves to till them. Ten thousand dollars were bequeathed to Crimin, and he to give him a fair start in life, as the testator expressed it.

Both the young men had graduated in a northern college, and Crimin commenced the study of law; but he was idle, fond of criminal company, and his habits were very dissipated. At his uncle's death he abandoned his professional aspirations, and became a hanger-on at the fashionable resorts, where he gave the power a strong and scheming mind is sure to have over a weak and willful one.

Crimin procured a tour to Europe, which Layton was persuaded to by his pliant young planter, and together they travelled through the principal cities of the continent, and spent all the popular resorts of fashionable life. Layton was often victimized by men who shared his company in his course.

On their voyage home, the two were thrown into intimate companionship with an American family, consisting of father, step-mother, and a young daughter who had been living in Bordeaux with a relative for several years.

The father was a wealthy man, and Layton, in the absence of his guardian, concluded, and both the young men were strongly attracted by the beauty of Alice Lee. Crimin urged Layton on his way easily to her good graces, and he seemed to be going on in a most cool and rational. Alice could scarcely have expected that he would be so much in love with her, but Crimin knew his own power, and they know that in him she beheld the dark face who was to pursue her relentlessly through many years of her life.

Layton was making efforts to prevent such a consummation, the passion of his cousin for Alice was unfortunate, and could be no thing of marriage before the ship reached New York. Crimin had no fear of the result, and he was right in his calculations.

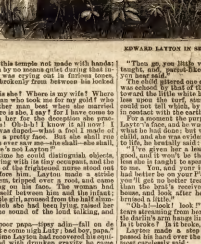
With a trembling heart and a few bitter tears, Alice Lee gave her consent to be the wife of Layton, and he was overjoyed to receive her favor; and in less than two months after their return to New York they were wed in the bride of Edward Layton.

Crimin, with the darkest future that seemed to be opening before his daughter, Mr. Bowne-ton, had left the country, leaving the entire moral character of his proposed son-in-law. He had done his duty, and he felt that he could with a clear conscience, and he entered a confirmed, though secret inebriate.

Before the honeymoon had passed away, Alice was the one who was the victim of a man who not only drank till he became wild and ferocious, but who was unrestrained in the gratification of his passions for base and brutish power.

When they were established at Layton, Crimin came as a guest, but he stayed on from month to month, welcome to both husband and wife; for he affected to take sides with Alice, and he did indeed often protect

Mrs. Graham Pelton



EDWARD LAYTON IN SEARCH OF HIS WIFE.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

her from the intrusion of her husband, when he was in his most violent moods.

Grace-fed in him for such and as he rendered her, a tacit alliance was established between the two, the object of which was to retain such control over Layton as to prevent him from injuring himself or others while temporarily deprived of reason. But a screw dread and dislike of Grace Layton felt for the young wife's hand, in spite of all her efforts to conceal it, the keener feeling disappeared after the birth of the little Louis, for Alice had more than once detected the sinister gaze with which he regarded the child, when he believed no one was observing him; and with a shiver she remembered that the frail young life would, in the event of her husband's death, be the only barrier between him and the Layton estate.

Grace had removed away since her illness of two years ago, and Alice confided only to the house she had accepted, watchful as it had been made by her. Proud, wealthy, refined almost to fastidiousness, this lovely woman was linked to degradation in the person of her husband—of the man too whom she would not voluntarily have chosen, but who, as her husband, possessed the right to claim obedience and acquiescence from her while the wretched bondage should last.

Dr. Hamilton was a frequent visitor, though the neighborhood was a good deal outside his line, and on her first appearance in it as a bride, she had met with some cordial welcome. But the habits of Layton were a fatal bar to social intercourse; she preferred solitude to the mortification of having others see the condition to which the master of the house was often reduced, and she rarely appeared in public, except to attend to her professional duties.

A quiet, negro woman who had accompanied her from her father's home, was her only friend, and the retreat beneath the great oak tree the only place in which she was comparatively free from the intrusion of her husband, when he was not in a fit state to be considered as a companion.

It was here that the child was a busy sight on the knee of Mrs. Layton, while she was getting old enough to observe, and resent the reticence with which her mother was treated, and already had her father shown symptoms of alienation from her. He was habitually rough with the child, and many times had the mother's heart quivered with pain when she saw her slight and tender darling shrink from the rude touch of the unnatural act of breaking some of his childish bones. It was a favorite pastime of his to force Louis to dance on the table on which glasses, decanters and cards were promiscuously placed, requiring her to keep time to them without disarranging them, and a failure to accomplish this was sometimes severely punished.

The little girl was resentful, and young as she was, her tongue was often used in defense of her mother, who had had to more than see scenes of violence, but never before this day had Layton been brutal in his treatment of the child, who, to all the rest of his cruelty, had, was on a baby queen.

Half an hour before the angry raid made by Layton on the retreat sacred to herself and child, Mrs. Layton had found the old colored servant who was confined to her cabin with rheumatism, and who was always welcomed by a shrewish in his gains and his patience to think of herself or Lucia, and she left Cicsy to amuse and care for her during the short absence, with no feeling of dread as to what might happen while she was away.

She was now walking slowly and pensively toward the shady summer-house, which was of course a dreadful prison to her, but she had learned to associate it with the idea of safety, and from behind the veiled that she knew awaited her, for Layton had suffered from delirium tremens more than once, and for days past he had been drinking to such excess that she knew his delusion must end in that horrible malady.

A feeling of intense dread and horror crept over her as she drew near the only house she had ever known as a mother's house, with the children of her step-mother, who knew she would receive a cold welcome if she was finally driven from the shelter of her husband's roof.

It might come to this she felt, with a shivering sense of desolation and helplessness, for Layton's resources had more than once imperilled her life, and to save herself and her daughter she had yet be compelled to fly from him and conceal the place of refuge she had found.

As she neared the steps she heard the voice of her beautiful home, clad in dainty apparel, many might have envied Mrs. Layton the lot in life that had been awarded her; but there was few with whom this young and lovely woman would not gladly have exchanged positions, provided she could have secured a peaceful life, free from the degrading influences that surrounded her daily.

Alice's heart was very sad as she witnessed them on her hopeless fate, but it was a sympathetic sweet and attractive one. The features were regular; the brow broad and low; the eyes a hazel hand, fringed by long lashes; a few shades darker than the shining braids of auburn-colored hair that covered her well-shaped head. Her exquisite mouth was made for smiles, though it now wore an expression of weary sadness which was almost painful to look upon.

The figure was tall, well developed, and graceful in all its contours, and her step was light and elastic, in spite of the fact that she had passed the first flush of youth.

She was a beautiful woman, and

THE MOUNTAIN FARM.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

From the top of the road, through the gap, it seems,
A dreamy mist rod out up by rills,
The velvet valley, crushed between
The mountains' purple and their hills;
And just beyond, as the sunrise rose,
With its rainbows aglint in the sunset wave,
In the east where I first knew life and love,
In the grand old home of the Mountain Farm.

Here are the rumbles of home, low and sweet,
With a beautiful plaintive air I revel,
The lowing herds and the bleating sheep,
And, during, we hardly know that we lived.
There is not a noise but recalls her to me—
The reddened lake with its blue-black gleam,
The speckled hills with their fear like the roe,
And the meadowy reach by the reed-choked stream.

There is the grove of chestnuts tall,
Where, to make the nuts leave their thick-
Set burrs, we shook the trees,
Or loitered in hear them, the rain-drops fall;
Over the dry leaves burnt in a little while;
And the ancient orchard we threshed on oft,
With the cool, sweet spring by the stinted
Hemlock,
And the tall, ruined barn, with its flushed hay-
loft,
Where we hunted for eggs in the cool, clean
Straw.

And the path that winds to the farm-house good
Was well and way-worn then, as it is now,
And then, as now, the gnarled wood stood,
And the old mossed mill-pond in the hollow
Below.

But, alas! there glimmers behind the hedge
A shape that was not there in those scenes un-
known!
I see it crouched sick on my knees at the edge
Of life—grave mound with its gray stone.

A ghostly grave of the days that are gone,
A sad, crowded light of life and that is dead!
Hearts my shape like a vanished dawn,
And around the scene like a mourning spread.
And the listless summer on slope and lea
Is but a dirge for the days that are warm,
But never again will I win, nor be
The deep-secluded Mountain Farm.

A BONE of CONTENTION;

—OR—

The Waldemar Succession.

By MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE HAUNTED HOUSES OF THE RAILDEN'S SCHOOL," "THE LOST OF KILBARN," "THE OLD LYNN'S SECRETS," "A DARING GAME," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLIX.

A MYSTERIOUS INTERVIEW.

Dr. Parfitt, the keeper of the Retreat in Hunthersdale, where the unfortunate Countess Moor had so long been confined, followed his footman in Lakeside with all speed, taking the earliest train, and quartered himself at the Hunthersdale Hotel, opposite the post-office, in Dr. Martin-le-Grand's name.

This was upon Thursday, the day in which Darrel Moor had called upon Dr. Hugh Hagarm, at Lady Thatcher's residence, and some few hours subsequent to that gentleman's departure.

The doctor waited all that evening for the Wheatsheaf Inn mail boy, but no letter bearing of Moore's ruled did not rejoice his vision. The next morning, he left the hotel at an early hour after breakfast, and, but was unsuccessful. Moor had made—for the interposition between himself and the physician from the very first, and was not to be seen until the half-yearly payments upon the account of Countess Moor. He came to the conclusion that of the nephew of the distinguished Lord Waldemar, Dr. Martin-le-Grand was not to be expected interest in his patient, although the old scandal concerning Moor's name with that of Countess had become known to him. He did not know that Hong was Moor's valet, or that there was any underlying motive in connection whatever between Moor and Hong.

To make the wheels of affairs perfectly plain to the reader, we must explain, at the risk of anticipating a little, that Dr. Parfitt had sent for Dr. Parfitt to come up to town some ten years before, upon the occasion of Countess Moor's second outbreak of insanity, and that Hong had then introduced himself to the gentleman as an agent of "the Moor's" relatives, empowered by them to provide a home for her, in the money received by his doctor upon "Miss Rolf's" account had come through Hong; all communications concerning the unfortunate lady had been made to Dr. Parfitt by the valet, and he had seen simply at the general post-office.

Searching for Hong in London was a hopeless task. The former footman was absent now, and spent the remainder of the day in making fruitless inquiries of the police, at various, sine-houses and hospitals, and wherever he thought a possible information of the man might have found a temporary home.

Dr. Parfitt was a kind-hearted gentleman, but did not wish to return to Huntingdonshire without having gained something by his journey to town. He had been somewhat perplexed, ever since his patient's escape, in searching for the reason that induced the cowardly for a distance of many miles from his Retreat, but he had not thought that she would travel to her wandering, aimless steps to London, and he had not dreamed that she would be so bold as to look up Hugh Hagarm. Therefore, on receiving the second of Hugh's telegrams, he received to remain in town until he succeeded in discovering that she had possibly found a lasting place somewhere in the metropolis.

It was necessary to make active efforts to discover the missing woman, and accordingly on Friday evening he procured the insertion of an advertisement, in several of the papers to be issued upon the following morning.

Upon the morning of Saturday, and upon the morning upon which occurred, in the church of St. Mary, the marriage of Darrel Moor to Hilda Floyd—there appeared in various papers Dr. Parfitt's advertisement. Owning to its position, and possibly also to the prosperous condition of the respected marriage, neither Moor nor Hong noticed it.

Others, however, were more observant.

About one o'clock of that day, while the bridal party, consisting of Darrel Moor and his bride, Grimrod and Mrs. Walcheby, were at the Grand Palace at Sydenham, Doctor Parfitt, by virtue of a gratuity to a waiter, took possession of a private room at the hotel, or family coffee-room of the hotel, and ordered a lunch to be served to him there. He received answer to his advertisement, as he was much perplexed and at a loss what to do next, and his desire for information had led him to avoid the busy coffee-room below stairs where business now were thronging. The lunch for him was deserted, and he selected a table in a further corner near one of the windows commanding a view of the post-office.

He had been sitting for about half an hour, his meal scarcely touched, when the waiter showed the duchess, and Dr. Parfitt took up one of the morning papers and scanned his own advertisement with all the pride of an amateur author. There was extremely simple and to the point, reading as follows:

"Some days ago, a lady escaped from the Retreat of Dr. Parfitt, near Hunthersdale, and has not been heard of since. She is a German Jewess, of short size of age, tall, fair, and has a very light hair. Had on when last seen a black alpaca gown and red shawl; no bonnet; wears wore, but sometimes violent, in which condition she is addressed as Countess Moor. Any one who can give information that will lead to her recovery. Call on or address Doctor Parfitt, Queen's Hotel, St. Martin's-le-Grand."

The doctor rubbed his spectacles and read the advertisement again and yet again. The sight of his own name in print seemed to have a fascination for him.

He was a small man physically, with a very large head and prominent, bulging forehead. He was honest, somewhat unworldly, and greatly devoted to his profession. His hobby was the treatment of the insane. He had no dangerous nor dark evils in his pleasant Retreat, no lurking-place for the cruel, where the afflicted could be secluded rooms locked away, a large and sunny garden inclosed by a high wall, a number of his patients to be ordering warm days, or cultivated flowers, or read, or frolicked, under the supervision of immune keepers. The place was what it pretended to be, a Home for the Insane, and the little doctor with his big heart was a father to these helpless ones.

Poor Carmine Moor had not fled from persecutions or ill-treatment. She had run away to the gentlemen peculiar to her own nature, and to the gentleness of some new vocation.

It's time I had some answer to this advertisement," the doctor said, as he looked at his watch. "I wonder if the duchess knows who knows the lands the poor creature may have fallen?"

He sighed and folded the paper. Before he had time to refold it, a waiter was at his elbow, and a gentleman behind him. He was closely followed by a tall and stately lady, dressed plainly in black and closely veiled, who was in turn followed at a little distance by a footman looking maid.

Dr. Parfitt read aloud the name on the card, in undisguised surprise and wonder.

"The Countess of Rothemere!" he repeated, and rose hastily, scanning nearer, and dismissing the waiter by a gesture.

The lady bowed to the doctor, revealing the pale, proud lovely face, the violet eyes, of Lady Rothemere.

The gentleman behind her was her Hungarian attendant.

"Have I the pleasure of addressing Doctor Parfitt?" asked her ladyship, in an exquisitely sweet-toned voice.

"Yes, Madam—my lady!" responded the doctor, and he looked at the gentleman and the lady, and then nearly swooned with joy at the high-bred smile of "Doctor Parfitt of Parfitt Retreat, Hunthersdale," which accompanied her bow.

"I am come to see you in relation to this notice, Doctor," she said, gracefully and with a smile, and motioning him to resume his seat, while she drew the chair opposite for herself.

Dr. Parfitt looked astonishment.

"Can you hardly give me any information concerning Miss Rolf's present whereabouts?" she asked.

"I regret that I cannot," replied the Hungarian Countess, "but I can give you any information from you, Doctor Parfitt, rather than receive it. Countess Moor is the lady for whom you are searching. Believe me, I have the right to the information, and I beg you not to withhold from me any information you have."

"You are Miss Rolf's sister, perhaps, my lady?" suggested the doctor, in a low tone. Miss Rolf was of German descent, and of course, Lady Rothemere, as her sister, would have known her name. "I will be glad to receive any advertisement this morning and has been answered. I never saw Miss Rolf myself, but, when sane, you know, my lady, her mind was somewhat—ah—peculiar, and she was subject to violent outbreaks. Her husband, lady, whom she had not seen for many years. Are you that sister? I am glad that it is in happy, my lady, to answer any questions you may put regarding her."

"Thanks," said the Countess, in an unusually voice, "I am the only relative alive, to your knowledge, so lately as three years ago, Doctor Parfitt."

"You must have been very young, my lady," said the doctor, "when you left Germany."

"A gentlemanly sort of man, an agent of the lady's relatives, was sent to England for her. Who paid you for her keeping?"

"The sum was paid me. All moneys came through the hands of Hong, and all receipts were given to him."

The Countess turned and addressed a few words in German to her attendant, who bowed to her, and then went out of the room, leaving them alone.

"That was her name once," said the Hungarian Countess, "but after her marriage she ceased to be her name upon her marriage."

"But she was married, my lady?" cried Doctor Parfitt. "It is true that she was always very reticent upon the subject of her husband, but she rarely if ever spoke the full name, which was that of Waldemar. Was the gentleman killed by the accident?"

"He was not killed by the accident," replied the Countess, with a sigh, "but you have no right to know his name. Countess Moor is dead to

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor,

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1877.

We always stop the LEDGER at the expiration of the time, or of the issue for which it is paid, so that if you wish to continue it, it would be well to renew your subscription a little time before the time for it to stop.

We CANNOT change the address of a subscriber, unless he gives us his *former* as well as his present address.

Better Than Ever.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER
FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1878.

THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER.

Instructive and entertaining as the *Ledger* has been in the past, we hope and intend to make it still more instructive and entertaining in the future. Our experience is greater than heretofore, and our ambition to make the *Ledger* the best paper of the kind published in the world, is undiminished.

It is the aim of the *Ledger* to cultivate a taste for reading in the rising generation, and at the same time, by the selection of its contents, to contribute constantly to their moral and intellectual improvement and growth.

An epicure might as well undertake to write down what he would have for dinner every day for twelve months to come, as for us to attempt, at this time, a catalogue of all the good things that will be spread before the readers of the *Ledger* in 1878. Our old subscribers will bear us witness that all the promises we have ever made have always been more than fulfilled. We never let slip an opportunity to obtain any really good and desirable thing. Expense and trouble never stand in our way. And in this respect, as it has been in the past, so it will be in the future.

The *Ledger* is particularly devoted to the interests and welfare of the young. A vast number of questions about lovers' quarrels, propositions of marriage, plans for housekeeping, and the best means of beginning the future of youthful married couples, are answered in the columns.

One great and guiding principle with us is to inculcate the sentiments of self-respect and self-reliance, and those strengthen and render more manly the characters which are just and honorable, to endure through all their days.

The *Ledger* is always full of life. Nobody ever complains that even a single number is dull.

It has the largest number of great and distinguished writers.

It contains the purest, sweetest and most delightful stories, striking narratives, and instructive biographical and historical sketches.

It has the most popular and carefully prepared collection of sensible family receipts.

Many of the most distinguished clergymen of the country write for the *Ledger*.

All our favorite old writers will continue to write for the *Ledger*; and we are always on the keen look-out for any new developments of real rising genius.

OUR TERMS FOR 1878—NOW IN THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

Single copies, $3 per annum; four copies, $10, which is $2.50 a copy; eight copies, $20. Those who send us $20 for a club of eight copies, (all sent together,) will be entitled to a ninth copy, Post-masters and others will receive clubs in their respective towns, one afterwards add single copies at $2.50. A specimen copy will be sent to any one more than one. Canada subscribers must send 35 cents extra on each copy, to pay the postage. Subscriptions can begin at any time. Back numbers can conveniently be sent. It will be perfectly safe to send remittances by an ordinary letter of money by mail. The postage on the *Ledger* is only 15 cents a year, which we pay. Address all letters and orders, plainly, to the *Ledger*, and state where the paper is delivered.

☞ We do not publish monthly parts. Address all communications to

ROBERT BONNER, Publisher,
Corner of William and Spruce Sts., New York.

Will You? And If Not, Why Not?

Will you lend me five thousand dollars, or two thousand dollars—or one thousand dollars? And if not, what is the reason why you will not?

Such, in brief, is the substance of a great many letters which we receive. Some of them are couched in the most imploring terms: a home to be sacrificed to repudiate creditors; a family is to be ruined; or something or other is to happen, if the request is not complied with. The writer is very apt to observe, "This is but little to you, but it is everything to me!" and then, as if a glimmering of sense came dimly into remembrance, to say, "I suppose you must have a great many such applications, and that it would be impossible to grant them all, but the circumstances in my case are so peculiar, you ought to make an exception of it." And all this written with a perfect stranger; at least, from a person wholly unknown to us, and to whom we are known only by reputation.

We generally destroy such letters without answering them. They are not of interest to the public, nor are they intended to be answered through the *Ledger*; and if we were to write private letters in reply, it would occupy much of our time, and interfere with imperative duties, while such a course would be of no benefit to our correspondents. To comply with their requests is of course out of the question; the fortune of a Rothschild would not suffice for it; and there is no good reason why we should bear ourselves with picking out of the great mass a few instances in which substitute "Yes" for our generally silent "No."

At the same time, we never feel indifferent to the suffering or inconvenience of any one who addresses us, and for this reason we make this general answer to all such applications.

In the first place, it is absolutely impossible to do what we are asked to; and that fact ought to suffice as a reply, in all cases. In the second place, the avenues to independence and wealth are as open and as free to others as they are to us. *Let them go to work and make their fortunes.*

We say this in no spirit of unkindness, but on the contrary, in the hope of awakening, especially in the minds of our youthful readers, that feeling of self-reliance and of confidence in their own exertions which leads to manly and successful efforts.

Concentrate your thoughts on your own business; make yourself master of it; be industrious; practice economy; study and observe the wise business maxims of the earlier Franklin, and you will at once begin to prosper.

If you love ease better than property—if you prefer luxury to independence—then you cannot rationally expect to escape the consequences, and it is not right that you should suffer them!

"I see a great many persons," said a rich man, who had made, by working hard and saving his pennies at first, every dollar of his fortune—"I see a great many persons commence by spending a dime just as if they thought the way to build a chimney was to begin at the top and build down. I always thought the safest way was to begin at the bottom and build up."

But the fact is, that many people have not the manliness to be willing to endure for a season the inconveniences of self-denial, even though subsequent pecuniary independence of the little would be the reward. They prefer to be idle star-gazers—vain seekers after some royal road to wealth.

We say all in no spirit of vain boasting, but for the encouragement of all in straitened circumstances who choose to benefit their own condition: *the Editor of the* LEDGER *always made it a rule, however small his income, to put a part of it, and laid the foundation of his fortune by working out the law of addition and subtraction.*

If none but those who have tried this way of accumulating capital, will write to us for the kind encouragement we receive many such letters for a year to come.

It is not necessary to cultivate an inordinate love of money in order to accumulate a competency. Many do it from a natural love of it. It is only requisite to adhere to the simple rule of spending less than you can make. For our own part, we hate and despise a miserly spirit. We like liberality and friendship and in open-handed charity. But it is only the wise who can afford to do this, and only those who save can afford to be charitable.

We have to look out first for our own business. And while we never take a step in this nefarious interest, if we did not keep a large bank deposit constantly on hand, to draw upon as any time for unexpected calls and offers of real value for the *Ledger*, we should be but doing an injustice to the thousands dependent on our readers.

We hold that, in the United States, as a general rule, it is a man's own fault if he is in debt. Every man is willing to make the reasonable sacrifice of ease and luxury—of pleasure—to which every one is entitled, to secure to himself the power to make himself independent.

We now repeat what we said, that we will not loan you some money, and if we will not loan you, you will ask yourself why we won't borrow it. We do not because you have not the right principle, and it is a dangerous price for capital: hard work and self-denial.

Foolish Mr. Bergh.

Mr. HENRY BERGH is not satisfied with our opinion of him. If this feeling of dissatisfaction on his part should have the effect to make him deserve a better one, it will be well.

But when Mr. BERGH says that Mr. BONNER is "unfriendly" to his Society, he states what is not true.

If Mr. BERGH's memory is not failing him, he must recollect that Mr. BONNER once gave a hundred dollars for his Society; and, with a man of the proper qualifications to be at the head of it, Mr. BONNER would cheerfully contribute much more.

Assumptions of arbitrary power and acts of petty tyranny are calculated to render even the most indifferent person unfriendly, in a free country; and no outspoken opponent has done the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals one-tenth part the injury which Mr. BERGH's assumptions continue to do it.

All that we desire is to have a judicious man who is not constantly offending the community at the head of the affairs of the Society. Under wise management, the Society is capable of doing much good.

If Mr. BERGH prefers to abuse mankind, as Mr. BERGH seems erroneously to think it is, in order to befriend dumb animals, and, in our opinion, the dog question might have been satisfactorily settled without the unnecessary row which prevailed, Mr. BERGH's letter on that subject,

Cruel Treatment of the Insane.

The discussion of the treatment of lunatics confined in Asylums, Asylums, which was started in the *Ledger* several months ago, seems to have extended over the whole country. Not only the newspapers, but also the legislatures of several States have taken the matter up, and evidences of shocking cruelty and scandalous wrong have been discovered. It appears that men have been confined as lunatics at the instigation of their own relatives, because they were troublesome. Wives have been incarcerated by estranged husbands, and husbands by their wives, simply to enable the perpetrators of these wrongs to carry on still other wrongs unmolested. But the most shocking cruelty, which is now being shed in these dark prison houses of carnage and cruelty will, for a time at least, put a stop to the wrongs which have so long been shielded under the name of law.

The Wearing of Fashionable Bonnets Prohibited in Church.

It has been said, and with much justice the fair sex, that some of them go to church as much to show off their finery as for purposes of devotion. The ancient Athenians, the sect Limn, Peru, will not permit the possibility of such a thing among the ladies of that city, for we are told that recently a French lady was compelled to take off a hundred bonnets she had gone thither with a fashionable bonnet on her head. How would this rule work in New York city? We are inclined to think the churches would look rather forlorn.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT has translated from the Latin, expressly for the LEDGER, a beautiful poem, which will be found in another column.

Newport boasts of 42c or eight thousand inhabitants; but this figure is doubled, during the bathing season, by the flocking population.

LET THEM AMUSE THEMSELVES.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

In old-fashioned times boys and girls were left to their own wits for amusement, and to I think that this was a very bad thing to be left to. I never go into a toy shop, especially one of those magazines in New York, where the thousand toys are heaped together, without pitying the modern family.

Once the dear old aunt provided the little girl that if she would be good, she should have a doll made for her. Already she had had little rag dolls, sparkly paper dolls, and picture dolls on slates, and handkerchief dolls folded and pinned, which could be opened out again, on pressing need, to the size of a bed-quilt.

But there was to be a new doll, at any rate, and remunerated by the high souls of children, by a doll that grew and rose and moved, marked on with ink, and set forth in the sight of all men and girls. The joys of anticipation almost equal the rapture of possession.

At length the creative work is done, and the little girl comes into possession of a rotund, fair, and fragile doll, with brain, and the face brought out in ink in a manner that would make old Cruikshank envious. Her dress, of uniform surprise all that is lacking. This is the doll. It is a great thing. Those are not cobwebs, but tapestry hangings. The doll is not a doll. It is a Dresden or Sevres manufactures any ware so fine in their eyes as the doll of the little girl's heart.

But now a-days children are buried down in the depths of everything that is provided for them. Lucky! In one little girl's treasury there are fifty dolls, and not one of them is a baby. A baby is willing to make its own experience and to gain its own knowledge. But a doll is only the image of a baby. It has not the power to make himself independent. It is now grown up, and it will be as it was not from you some means, and if, you will not, you will tell yourself that you don't know how to bother with it, and bestow you have done your duty. Until you are ready to relieve the parlor of your little girl's treasures.

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THE ORDER OF NATURE.

FROM THE LATIN OF HORTIUS.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Thou, who wouldst read, with an unbrokened spell,
The lays by which the Thunderer bears away
Look on the stars that keep, in yonder sky,
Unbroken peace from Nature's earliest day.
The great sun, as he guides his fiery car,
Strikes not the cold moon in his rapid sweep;
The moon, unwearied, follows in her course,
In the same time, descends not in the deep.
The star of eve still leads the hour of dawn;
The day-star ushers in the light;
With kindly alternations Love renews
The untold courses bringing day and night.
Love drives away accursed War, and keeps
The fields and floors of states beyond the sea.
In one long calm the general Concord sleeps
Till Discord comes, and wakes with her to be.
The moist grass plane benignly to the dry;
The thirsty herbage drinks the rain that falls;
The fleeting flame springs upward to the sky;
Down sinks by its own weight the sluggish stone.
Still sweet with blossoms is the year's fresh prime;
Her harvests fill the ripening Summer yields;
Fruit follows Autumn; Winter gives
And rising Winter waters all the fields.
The elemental harmony brings forth
And feeds all life, and when Death comes at last
It merges the breathing myriads from the earth,
And sows and tills them to be sown and tilled
No more.

Thou great Founder, he who gave these laws
Holds the firm reins and sits amid the skies,
Marks Nature's course, and governs it alone.
And Archer supremely just and wise.
He guides the fates, and from the sacred centuries
And curbs it to the circle it must trace;
He gives the signs to the celestial fires
And regulates their motion in the void of space.
Love binds the human race in one embrace
With sacred ties; the Country's claim we know
Unless Love held them subject to the Will
That gave them being, they would soon to be.

ELDRIDGE GERRY

BY JAMES PARTON.

In the Congressional burying-ground at Washington there is a monument erected lately by the monument erected by order of Congress to Elbridge Gerry. The vice-president of the United States who, as the monument declares, "departed this life November 23d, A. D. 1814," on his way to the Capitol." On the morning of his death, he had been engaged in writing a letter for him a little earlier than usual, for he meant to drop at the office of the Register of the Treasury, where he had some business, before proceeding to the Capitol. He was a vantage, and was driving toward the Capitol, when he fell forward insensible, and died in twenty minutes, without a struggle and without pain. He remains were followed to the public funeral, and, a few years later, an appropriation was made for building the monument which covers them.

For twelve years and a half Elbridge Gerry, though he began his public life previous to the Revolution, was a leading figure in the history and still in current politics, so as to cause that his family, consisting of a widower and seven children, were left in straitened circumstances. He was a man of the old school, one who had set his body, a political principle, and regarded himself by entering a bill into Congress for paying to his widow the salary due to him for the last seven or four years. He was a man of means, but was lost in the Senate, and, as I have suggested, for if would have become a precedent that might have led in time to great abuses. President Madison, however, appointed the eldest son of Mr. Gerry Secretary of the Navy, and subsequently Minister to Russia, to support the family, and two other sons were appointed to offices in the Treasury Department at Washington.

But these appointments, general as they were, and suitable to the feelings of Mr. Madison, were wholly inconsistent with our governmental habit which always refuses the hereditary principle, and requires that every appointment shall be made in the interest of the public, to promote the efficiency of the service. Mr. Gerry's appointment to the office of Vice-President was a purely political promotion; and this cannot be when appointments are made for the public benefit, and for reasons unconnected with the service. The first step in the progress to high office was the that of Vice-president, such political salaries; and it is not to be wondered at that, in the days of Mr. Gerry, a person in public office, under the general government, or under any of our State governments, was apt to be a man of means. In any of our large cities, who is not *emergently* a politician? Law extravagantly, because expensive, has shown that appointing brethren to the bench or office, if it does not pay the pay, has cost one city of this Union ten millions of dollars in a single year.

Elbridge Gerry was a typical of the false policy at other periods of his life. Before the Constitutional War he was a leader in the prosperous merchant of Marblehead, Massachusetts. Marblehead possesses a harbor that extends two or three miles out into Massachusetts Bay, and was inhabited at the time only by fishermen and merchants. Being a merchant, and a leading merchant, Mr. Gerry took the lead in such a community during the agitation which preceded the Revolution. He was a man of large fortune, and thoughtful and resolute man, a great friend to the moral correspondent of Samuel Adams, who was the soul and centre of the opposition to the British ministry, and the leader of the party.

"The whole business of life," wrote Gerry in a letter to Adams, "seems to be changed. Instead of attending to our private concerns, the question: *What is best to be done for our country?* engrosses the attention of every one." Such were the feelings and the conduct of Elbridge Gerry at the Marblehead. Politics became, indeed, the whole business of his life; and, after serving in the Revolutionary Congress, he became a member of the first Congress under the Constitution, in which character he signed the bill for the establishment of the Treasury Department, and the first bill for paying the pensioned period of the war on that Department. He served also in Congress which had charge of the finances of the country in the war of 1812, and was the only person who composed the Congress of the United States who voted against the declaration of war. He was a man who would be sure to be influential in paper, if indeed it could be said that he was not so, for he was a politician of his own situation thus:

Mr. Gerry was three hundred and forty-seven miles—mile—for board, and some little borrowed or lent. Mr. Gerry was a man of considerable property, large expenses, and possessed a number of factories and steamboats. How under Heaven, are we to account for the fact that a man of such means here for suffering at all, and is next to impossible to believe that he was not a man of business? Mr. Gerry was a man of business, and he was a man of business, and he was a man of business, and he

"BY THE RIVER."

BY TAMAR ARNE SERMON.

Softly, softly, sings the river,
Waiting for the song to rise,
As the rolling, roaring waters
Ever onward swiftly glide.
Rays of light and flitting shadows
Dance upon the waters wide,
As we listen for the voices
That may greet us over there.
In the land beyond this river
Our beloved are ever blest;
Sorrow, pain, and grief have vanished,
And the weary are at rest.

On the rocky banks we stumble,
As we toil with hopes gone
Over all the waste of waters,
Waiting for the song to rise.
Will it softly, quickly answer?
Will it bring the answer sweet,
Morning, hence of heavenly beauty,
Fallen whose glory is untold?
Will we know, dark, silent river,
That the pure in heart are blest
When the waves are ever troubling,
And the weary are at rest?

Tired hands are gently folded
Over many a palpitant breast
Tired brains are freed for ever
From the cares that have oppressed;
But the restless thirst goes on
As we stand upon the brink,
And from thy chilling waters
Still we timidly do shrink.
Hearts that long have ceased
Heavenward to send a loving trust,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest!"

THE BROADACRES TRAGEDY;

OR,

The Irrevocable Promise.

By CARLOTTA KINGSLEY,

AUTHOR OF "THE MYSTERY OF NO. 27," "SILVIO, THE BANDIT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PLEDGE.

"Ye could no longer death's experience bear,
For more than death's insistent pain."

The moon had set, and a dark cloud wrapped the face of nature in sombre gloom, when the clock in the church spire at Eriston Broadacres struck two.

The sound reached the mansion and Bread-acres, and more than one ear was strained attentively to catch the faithful strokes, and thus to note the slow flight of time.

Miss Grimani turned restlessly upon her pillow, and longed for morning, that daylight might reveal the horrid fancies which frightened sleep from her eyelids; and in a chamber not far removed her own there was one who, with fevered anxiety and frantic haste, was panting to accomplish the events of the next few hours.

It was from no pillow of rest that this last relieved he ear to the solemn strokes of the clock. He raised it from over a pile of dusky papers and letters which were scattered thickly upon the open ebony cabinet in Marmaduke Grimani's death chamber.

That he should be there was surprising to his fully awakened self; but circumstances was in dire necessity, his stealthy movements had his Guy Fawkes manner.

He was guided lightly by the same uncertain whose rays, a few hours before, had been carefully followed by the detective with the dawn; but now the light only fell upon the floor, and the hand which held it shook visibly, as if, out of its own will, it commanded the window to tell the watcher without, that he accepted prey was safe.

The dark face of Walter Manning was set with an expression as fierce as, after counting the strokes of the clock, he again resumed his occupation.

With celerity he tossed aside packet after packet of carefully labelled bills and documents, and, with ruthless assumption of secrecies, bonds and mortgages, were lightly passed over, and by unconcerned hands which was undoubtedly an absorbing search.

He was not so greatly hurried, however, but that he took every precaution to replace the papers as he examined them in apparently careless manner, and the object of his search still eluded him with impassive because unconsolable.

"I won't be baffled at every turn?" he muttered. "I surely heard him say that in this cabinet there would be found ample proofs of what he had done the time to explain. Agatha inherits Broadacres upon condition that she marries Walter Manning; and, as executor, that Walter Manning shall discover the grounds of that condition. I feel sure that there are other papers here which it is for my interest to possess, and I'll not give over the search until I have obtained them. Ha! what's this?" he said, as by accident, in his rapid, impatient search, his hand struck a secret spring, and a hitherto unsuspected drawer flew open, revealing its contents.

"My delight is now indescribable," he distinguishedly added, and drawing forward, he spread before him a bundle of sealed papers which a single glance sufficed to show him were those he sought, and without a scruple or an instant's delay he transferred them to his pocket.

In his haste he had dragged out with the drawer a small box, and in the hurry of his being startled by a servant's footstep, for his hand came forth wounded and bleeding, with strange pearls of inestimable value, and with various other gems whose brilliancy he was not heeding even in the feeble light which fell from the dim lamp.

For an instant he held in his hand riches which would have sufficed for a prince's ransom, and then, with a muttered oath, he let the hand fall from them all back into the dark packing-place, and having secured what he sought, he closed the spring, and the receptacle was closed as securely as before.

As rapidly, indeed, he called to mind a circumstance which at once made the most attentive eye of the room, and he turned with a look of confidence to the many letters which he had consigned, the midnight visitor's purpose to Lucy's first employment in the days.

He gained the corridor, and was passing rapidly and silently along the passage, when, turning a sharp angle near the large oriel window, he suddenly encountered a human figure standing near the foot of the stair-way.

The light was dim, and the form of the stranger by the latter's haste prevent any outcry or inquiry; but an instant after, a sharp, imperious and authority of a proprietor, whom pertaining to passing from one part of the mansion to another, even at this unseasonable hour, was undeniable, he haughtily demanded the figure to what he was, and if he knew the hour.

"I have the honor from arranging some letters in the library, sir," was the calm reply which the other received.

"Ha! Adkins, is that you?" said his master, who had mistaken his English servant for an enemy and a spy. "The suddenness of your appearance startled me. But why are you in this part of the house, every servant that the care of the wines should take you from your own duties?"

"I was going to your chamber, sir, to tell you that I hardly think things are all as they should be with you."

"Speak lower, Adkins," interrupted his master impatiently.

This commanded, the man continued, in a lower tone:

"One of the officers from town remained behind the others, and returned to the house upon upon the return, watching the house.

Well, what of that? Is there anything strange in his taking a fancy to study architecture, if he has nothing better to do?" demanded Manning brusquely.

"Certainly not, sir; only—"

"Only what, Adkins?"

"Nothing, sir, only I thought that perhaps you'd like to know of it."

"It didn't need you to tell me," said his master haughtily. "I saw the fellow myself, and had half a mind to send to inquire his business, but thought better of it afterward, and concluded to let him gratify his foolish whim, and patrol the terrace until he became tired. He has done so?"

"Yes; but he is sitting now near the south wing, and seems quite at his ease, as if no one's judge by his position."

"Is he alone? You think?"

"No, sir; he is one of the kind who are never sleepy nor easy to lonesome on hand."

"Adkins!"

"Sir."

"I shall leave Broadacres soon, possibly before morning."

"Yes, sir."

"You don't seem at all surprised at the sudden announcement."

"Why should I, sir? I've been your valet for upward of ten years, and during that time I have known you to take many journeys as sudden as this one."

An angry rejoinder rose to the lips of Manning, but perceiving from the tone of his servant that no sarcasm was intended, he calmed himself, and said:

"I shall leave you here, and shall expect you to follow me to-morrow or the next day. Is that contingency. You can tell whoever questions you about my absence that a telegram summoned me away, that you didn't precisely understand to what place; that Miss Eriston knows more of my movements than you do yourself, and that I expect to return in a few days."

"Very well, sir; but in case anything should happen, you would want to find me, and—"

"I can always do so. I shall not be disappointed if you have been to the post, and you shall be well rewarded."

"Shall I prepare your luggage, sir?"

"No; I have no time to wait for it. Go back to bed; and, here, take charge of these keys."

The man was tossed him a bunch of keys, and without another word continued his way along the corridor, while Manning, with a stealthy tread, descended the stairs leading to the ground floor of the mansion.

The servant drew nearer the oriel window

WALTER MANNING'S MIDNIGHT OCCUPATION.

and looked down upon the terrace below. He saw his master issue from the house and stand cautiously along in the shadow of the building, gain the shrubbery which flanked the mansion, and from there pass into the chestnut avenue near the entrance to Broadacres.

He turned three of his head sold lady, Adkins was retained also to command a view of the spot where the detective was pacing with his lifesome patrol.

The night was so dark that he could scarcely distinguish the immovable object from the surrounding shrubbery, and he was upon the point of concluding that the man had abandoned his post, when he saw a dark object move along the terrace, and he recognized the man less than Wallace had remained his promenade with fresh determination.

"Your game has come, my fine fellow," said Adkins below his breath. "It would nonetheless have been a little 'fly' for you if you could have trapped the gentleman who is now approaching you; but I'll warn him, and then see what things you don't understand quite as well as I do, and when you think you have Walter Manning, Esq., tight in your trust, then is just the time when you haven't known what your connections are. You have no doubt the cards in that game down there by the gate last night, and that he considered the stranger; but you're mistaken there, my friend, and I'll show you that you was in better hands before you met."

Relieving himself of these reflections, Adkins, Mr. Manning's confidential valet, turned away from the window.

His master's last command was still fresh in his memory, and he ordered and place closeted with present obedience; so, instead of proceeding to the chamber of Lucy, he left the house appointed to the servants' use, he boldly passed on through the corridor, and into the staircase of master.

As he passed Miss Eriston's door he paused a moment.

"Poor young lady!" he murmured, "I wonder if she knows that the man she is trusting I'm tempted sometimes to tell you, but I believe it would be a breach of my professional position, and I won't do it. I don't like what I've served Mr. Manning through thick and thin, and he pays me well, and will do so now, because of late he has fallen into the habit of handling me in a way of which the English servant can rarely endure. I'll do my duty by him, and if he chooses to play his bass wives he's wanted things will be different. I'll not be the one to tell the young lady here the pure to Adkins' secret, and I'll not confess to him" and with these words he continued his walk up the staircase, and was lost in the gloom.

William Adkins, the valet of the future lord of Broadacres, was a type of a former class of servants, and was considered a model of his profession. Interests was a vital part of his religion, and the most implicit confidence respect could be accorded without impertinence or expressed resentment.

The service of Walter Manning was in many respects desirable, for, with the exception of occasional outbreaks of temper, he was of an indulgent and munificent master. But of late Adkins had noticed that there seemed to be a change in his master's character which was upon more than one occasion Adkins had been compelled to witness.

Though Walter Manning was himself in appearance most the prime of life, his servant looked upon him as one over whom he must exercise a kindly care, and, under existing stances, added to one other, had let to the control of his employer.

The confidence which Manning had in his valet was also a source of pleasure to the latter, and he was not himself aware of it, there lurked in the breast of the supposed docile valet for many days a secret hope that, should the man was not himself aware of it, there lurked in the breast of the supposed docile valet for many days a secret hope that, should the time arrive when a vengeful hand should be raised for certain circumstances, would seek expression.

An event had taken place which, unknown to the master, had given the servant a knowledge of Manning's character such as time had not yet arrived when Adkins was prepared to make use of. But, should the time arrive when Adkins was prepared to make use of his knowledge, he would be in a position to command a large sum of money, and he felt sure that, in

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

stood effect upon the heart and mind of the unsuspecting confidant.

Twenty-four hours had not elapsed after the conversation between Talbot at Brookhaven, before the two friends had been put in mutual possession of the various incidents and experiences which had befallen both since their separation two months before.

Ernestine had little to relate save the various little gossipy events which transpired during her voyage. She painted in fairer colors, however, the various thoughts and reflections to which a flirtation with a Rose of Sharon age gave rise, and dwelt with peculiar pleasure upon the memory of the hours spent in which she found her heart, inexperienced as it was in the iron rage of duty, and denied the pleasure of a single tender response to one which for her sake bent with youthful fire and devotion.

Aretha, in return, failed not to relate all that had transpired at Broadcourt since her arrival. With unanimous she detailed every incident, from the moment of her first visit to their enlarging harvest-home festival, and declared her unaccountable repugnance to the union; narrated at length every circumstance connected with the stranger's tragic disappearance, but only casually referred to her cousin's absence.

The quick perceptions of Ernestine Tudor, sharpened by her natural moral obliquity, quickly discerned that a secret was being withheld from her friend. She was conscious that something of importance had been left unsaid, comprising somewhat curls, and she also immediately resolved to make herself minister of the situation as soon as possible, and out of the material she should discover to erect a monstrous upas which she could honestly call to a higher existence.

She had no more reserves at command, and with the will to use them unscrupulously she felt herself equal to the task, and entered upon it half confessed:

"Now while I have life, health and beauty to aid me," she said to herself, with almost impious exultation she looked triumphantly into the mirror which reflected her handsome face and form.

She leaned her head on her hand and she thus stood before the toilet bureau, and mused for a long time without moving a muscle.

Then, after viewing the place and position before her she seized upon the most salient points, and resolved to begin the congenial task of intrigue upon the morrow.

(To be continued.)

SORTIE AND MINE.

A STORY OF THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

BY W. O. STODDARD.

"A thousand thanks, my dear Henri," said the young German, as he turned to the window of the railway passenger and over to his hand. "This American Minister is a splendid fellow, and your acquaintance with him has been worth much to me. Now, then, you will go to your mother. Herrs for the Rhine! Hoch! Wish you and Louis were going with me."

"Not me, Becker, my friend, our place is here. I care very little for that, since Lauri and Mathilde and the old people are safe outside of the Loire. You too will soon be in a place of safety. I only hope that you will not be compelled to come back as one of our besiegers."

"Not I, indeed! I intend to do my duty and go where I am sent, but I have not the slightest fancy to, as you say, be here any hour for battering it down. Carl Becker will never be a real enemy to my Frenchman, whatever he may have been to your Prussian, Henri Ney."

"No more on that head, Carl, my boy, and you must make thanks to our friend Talbot for Katrina, and tell her that I shall fight a hard battle for her sake, and that I shall live and have a sermon of her dear counsel."

"She will love you none the less for that, I think," said Carl, laughing.

The two strong right hands were wrung hard for a moment, but no other speech was spoken. Only sound and true hearts could have been good against the terrifying fratricidal bitterness, nor is it unlikely that if the Becker's friendship by the associations and thoughts of dark eyes now watching beyond the Rhine, and the Ney's by those of a golden-haired lad in his mother's arms by the promised sending a message to bless ones over the Rhine.

The Ney friends, therefore, parted with a keen wine, and they had left in Paris only those of the family who were able to fight the Germans as well as help consume the stores of provisions—the only relatives of whom it was beautiful city.

Early, thanks to the American Minister, but the latest mail which got out on Thursday week after week of the terrible winter, until the enemy within began slowly but surely to starve the enemy without, its deadly silence, than the thunderbolt of war. The famine was likely to prove stronger than King William.

Henri De Rosat had been killed by a shell in Louis since the siege began, for Louis was an only child, and his mother had set her whole life on the outer lines, but was now hourly moaning they met in the Place Vendome. The brothers had ready for much to say, but not a great deal, but each, as he looked in the other's eyes, read unsaid that deep and mournful shadow of the siege which will never be forgotten by those who have once been darkened under it.

"You keep yourself well, fortunately, Louis," said Henri, "and are daily growing thin, both of you, I should say."

"Because you are pensive by nature," said Louis, "while every day I can see beyond the siege from the fortifications."

"But the Germans, Louis; you see them also."

"Yes, but I am mining yore-a-days, and I take special interest in the Germans that come within my way which is more than I believe I should do, or anybody else, if I were not in the siege. How I envy those balloon men. They get out."

"We too may get out" said Henri; "my guy unsee and I are to have our chance to-morrow, in the sortie."

"Your part in the sortie?"

"Yes, nobody will be eaten one horses, but we are to have them to-morrow in our hussar uniform. Perhaps we shall capture a cannon, and could charge a militant of Uhlans it I saw any hope of striking through."

"You will not. We shall none of us get out. The city is doomed."

Those last words came in a deep, solemn, almost superhuman tones, and the brothers turned quickly as they recognized it. A tall, gaunt man stood near them, a man they had not seen before.

Dr. Spielburg" exclaimed Louis. "Why, man, alive, I thought you had been killed."

"They will not give me a chance. I look too much like a German, and, moreover, I am a physician as well, I am forced to do hospital duty, instead of fighting as I would. Uncle has barred my name in Alsace."

"Then you will be with us, too," said Henri.

"The best of duty."

"But I learn things there, and I have learned that Paris must fall."

The brothers looked at their stern, sallow friend, and at each other with a new shadow of the siege settled more and more heavily over them. They muttered only a few more sentences, and separated to their duties.

That was a long day to Henri De Rosat, as it would have been longer, had it not been given to the sortie, for he was on duty at the fortifications. Weary, idle all the rest, with a fierce and feverish impatience, which found relief in repeating over and over the most trivial duty. Then came the long, sleepless, hungry night; but that too passed, and the sharp, clear, frosty morning found the young officer leading his dismounted hussars rapidly across the frozen road. Already they were beyond the outer line of defences, and the dim but growing light showed them fierce and frowning batteries, and the lines of the investiture, upon which they were to be hurled—these lines whose steady pressure had been strangling Paris. The artillery was already at work. Now and then the solitary gun sent its sharp rattle, through the intervals in the cannon roar, and the sound seemed to work almost a madness of excitement in the hot heart of Henri De Rosat.

The Germans were advancing. Not even cavalry-scouts were to approach the outskirts. That was something to be thankful for. Henri could see the spiked helmets flash in the sun that was now coming up from behind the German lines.

Through the ranks of men, through the lines of horses, rode a Rose of Sharon officer, and his name was Henri.

Beyond, Henry was sure, was the strength of the war and of Germany's battalions. Over there there was victory and hope, and there Louis and Carl must be in the van of the famine.

The balls were falling thick and fast now, and so were the men on both sides, and the air was filled with smoke and hid through the clouds of battle-smoke. Henri could not, for the strategy he was extended over a wide area, and there were many flerce fluctuations of success and failure, but as yet Henri and his hussars were compelled to fight on foot. Long before they were, and all the while Henri could hear or feel nothing but the raging madness which him that seemed continually shouting, "Forward!"

There a young officer sprang forward with a shout of doubt and disorder, and with it a short, sharp report, and Henri caught him as he swooning all before them.

"If they do," thought Henri, "I must go back to the siege and the shadow of the famine, and with all his might he shouted screamed:

"Forward!"

It was a mad, maddening thing to do, but the whole strength of the French foot fairly responded and the hussars were lost in the wild ocean of horsemen.

Then Henri and young Frenchman seemed absorbed in his one idea, mixed as it was with swift recollections of his mother and sister over the Rhine.

We shall get through," he exclaimed, as he struck aside a long lance and hewed at its bearer.

But just then a flash of lightning seemed to come down through the smoke and out of the thunderstorm of battle, and young Henri De Rosat felt himself so dazzled and blinded by its sudden blaze that he could not recognize in the record of events. He only knew that he was now on horseback, and was closely hemmed in way through ever increasing swarms of Germans horsemen, and urging his frantic charger over innumerable difficulties of field-work and entrenchments.

The sight was now by, and he knew that, and he cared very little what was before. If he could but get out and away from the siege, he should join the army of the Loire, and if so he should be with Louis and Carl. And then Katrina was there, and Carl. At one moment he appeared to be all that he might be dear, and then as if his desperate charge had just begun.

Then he felt his horse give way under him, and then he felt his horse give way under him, as if some had not yet been killed. Louis, Carl, and Henri knew that he was failing. Such a day very soon was done.

Could it be?

Yes, there was no shock. The terrible descent had been broken by something soft, and Henri was not dashed to pieces.

"I'm, Henri, you are not killed," he said. It was a terrible cut that, but he will come to himself in a moment. Ah, there he goes. He must have good care, to pay him for sending word to you, Henri, and Katrina and Carl."

"Oh, Carl, he will get well!"

"Yes, Katrina, he will, or he may be thankful to have escaped from Paris even by so hard a road as this."

"Now I have my reward," she said.

"Now I have my reward," she said.

"Yes, you, Katrina, and Carl," said Henri, and then he added:

"Louis! I have cut my way through, but he is still in Paris, and the American Minister has gone, and I am in the Loire! He does not even know I am in Rouen!"

Evidently Henri's brain still suffered from the concussion of the shell which killed poor Louis. That morning he and Dr. Spielburg met again in the Place Vendome.

"De Rosat, my dear fellow," said the surgeon, "I have been looking everywhere for you almost already."

"Indeed, you don't know, Spielburg; we are moving at last, and I am ordered to the Loire, and cold, and I do not know at what moment I may be ordered to march, and cannot get back a blown higher than this column here."

"Henri, I have a message for you, actually; you cannot dig your way out, you know."

"Glad to hear it, Spielburg," said Henry, melancholy half smile; and the stern doctor shook his head gravely as the other and the gaunt pioneers turned on his heel and strode off, leaving the young officer to that which the surgeon had come to tell him.

Mine and countermine. Each side felt sure that the other was working at that; but the French did not know that the Germans, in fear of what might be, and Louis De Rosat had however a strategic object in view for his reasons duties. He immediately set to work to mine under the Germans whose position he could judge, and his mining operations had not too inhibited a vague faith in the importance of digging deep and digging well.

It was night when Louis De Rosat returned to the siege, and he was not long in finding a mount at the mine; but, as he stood on the margin of the pit, he felt a hand laid upon him that he could see, in spite of the darkness, was that of a man who was not a soldier, by the unmistakable air of authority.

"Henri?" he muttered. "Nobody knows me because of him. I must go back to the front, with his hussars. They sent out Dr. Spielburg to reconnoitre. I'll go with him once, why should not we dig under? I must go back now. Spielburg is a fool. He says I must take a little brandy and abandon before I am dead. Dead, I, a man? Dead, I, with so much to live for? Dead, I, with Katrina to wed? Dead, I will take a spade myself."

In a few moments Louis found himself in the long, dim-lighted, narrow passage, that was being hewed through the earth in the direction of the nearest German works. Wasted as the passage was there was room for more than a mile of them.

Louis worked with the damp, earthy smelling air, and he was glad to be alone with it, and to loose inter surprise, it was deserted.

He was in the midst of a mine, and all the sanity lights were burning, blue and dim, and the men, all but Louis, were asleep.

There lay the tools, however, for he had now made his way to the end, and somewhere in the water was faintly trickling down on them from the surface, and there was a pick and spade for his use.

"I do not work well," he muttered, "but I am ahead of time, and the work must be done."

Short rations and long labor had apparently made no diminution in his strength, or it may be that the brandy sustained him, for Louis dug away with the power and persistence of some iron-limbed machine. He knew the men would come to help him, and he had a strong feeling that no time was to be lost. As he toiled he could hear the sounds of digging on the other side of the mine, as he could hear the sounds of work or sounds, he said it hurriedly behind him for the men to take away in their barrows, but it was long before they arrived, and he had so piled it up as almost to wall himself in.

Then he heard voices, and knew by the ring of tools that the men were there, and had begun their work, but he never paused.

"If we could only make such headway as this all the way to Versailles, we should be in a week," he said aloud, and he piled his spade with more frantic energy than ever.

The men too, as if animated by the example of their officer, toiled as Louis had never known them toil before: but for all that, they were not able to keep pace with him, and another spoke of the mine was opened, and Louis heard the grating of the sand that was poured back into the mine by the men to carry off their loads.

"Is the mine?" shouted Louis. "I feel as if I could make work for a regiment. I am going deeper now under the mine, and I will water-comes in, we shall be beyond their lines by daybreak."

There was now no sound in the long tunnel but the rattle of the barrows, the click of the spades, and the loud, thick breathing of the diggers. Louis alone was working in front, and he could have laughed, if there had been time, to think how rapidly he was pushing his mine under the very feet of the besieging Germans.

It was a long night, and sometimes Louis half wondered that no relief came; but he was in the mood for work, and work he did, now, and then, pausing to wipe the sweat from his forehead, and to listen to the men behind him. Then he thought of Henri, and the family of Rosat, and Katrina, and wondered what the siege would be over.

Then he would get out through this mine, or we could let in all France by it," he muttered, but always he felt that he must go here for a work. There's no such thing as time, and the day is a very short one in the mine. Ah, what is that?

Louis had commanded to bring its own ground, but he was made to expect the unexpected, for a dim but fast increasing ray of light was now visible before him, the encroaching wall of earth in front of him.

Even a prisoner has a right to know of something of some kind, and that may be bad. But what is this? Louis De Rosat, the besieged, is at the end of the mine!

He stood with his bare firmly in his hands and gazed upon the light, which in the early daylight was now pouring through them into the mine, but he was not dazzled by it, and disappeared.

Louis De Rosat, His was a bitter disappointment, for right in front of him, in long and serried ranks, were the dark-blue coats and lances of German horsemen and the spiked helmets of infantry.

"I have missed my distance, alas! and some one has blundered."

Then a young officer, who was one of the sleeping digging, there is no use for it now."

"Dr. Spielburg!" exclaimed Louis, as he gazed, for he knew the voice.

"Yes, Louis, I am here. What does all this mean?"

"Why, that the siege has ended, and Paris is now within the German lines. Louis, my dear boy, you are a prisoner. I saw de Soute on the Rue de Rivoli, and King William is in the Tuileries."

"And I? What does it all mean?"

"You have dug your mine, my poor lad, and fool and your bravely ended as I told you then you would. You have dug your way out of the siege for the past three weeks under my nose. Louis, Louis, you are a prisoner, and if I had left my tools in your reach, I feel that I should be dug to my grave."

"Then the siege is over?"

"Over."

"Doctor," sharply exclaimed Louis, "do you know Henri De Rosat, of the hussars?"

"That is Carl Becker."

"Yes, but I already had a letter from him. Henri is safe and well, and may soon be at Broadcourt."

Louis paused a moment, and then he continued his own way from the glittering colonel.

"Doctor," he said, "tell me about it some more. Tell me how it all came to pass. Come into the mine and lie down. Put out the lights."

"Since that too much advance," said Dr. Spielburg, as he entered the mine, "I have no doubt that I can bring him around, now that I have my instruments. Ah, there is a wound on your forehead, and you have had some severe symptoms. I shall write a paper about you. You've given me more than I've given you."

THE WILBURY GHOST STORY.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

The Rev. Dr. Dunstable was in his study preparing his sermon for the next morning, and was sitting in the Parson's chair, when, as he cried, Comin, opened it half an inch, and said:

"Some gentleman on particular business, sir."

"Show him in," said the doctor, and the next moment six young men, very young men, some of them, and one very old man, came in, bow, staring at the doctor meanwhile as people stare at a curiosity in a museum.

"Good-afternoon, gentlemen," said the doctor. "Glad to see you. Sit down, and I suppose you have come to—"

The gentlemen bowed and sat down, and the doctor looked at them with a sudden keen curiosity and his gaiety left his face. Then, leaning French window of the study, as they sat down, he said:

Then all looked at one pale young man in a black velvet coat, who had a handkerchief to every red, and became cross-eyed and pigeon-toed, and proceeded to blow his nose, and then effort to hide himself within himself, after which he looked at the doctor, and then at the young people gathered gracefully on the carpet, find that their hour has come, and pocketed his handkerchief.

The doctor was used to young clergymen, and young theological students, and young Bibles, so to speak, nothing a speech from although he looked as if he was about to.

The gentlemen bowed and sat down, and the doctor looked at them with a sudden keen curiosity and his gaiety left his face. Then, leaning French window of the study, as they sat down, he said:

"Some gentleman on particular business, sir."

"Show him in," said the doctor, and the next moment six young men, very young men, some of them, and one very old man, came in, bow, staring at the doctor meanwhile as people stare at a curiosity in a museum.

"Good-afternoon, gentlemen," said the doctor. "Glad to see you. Sit down, and I suppose you have come to—"

SONG OF OUR AGE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Will a peasant on my farmhead,
Not a muscle is at rest,
Not a nerve is unemployed;
Rail within my ocean-breast,
"Evermore to Do" their standing.
And as they are firmly based
On opposing forces, hold
Each the other in a world,
Steam in ovulations, adaptations,
Manufacturing, mining true,
Tunnelling mountains, bridging rivers,
Edening where marshes grew,
Opening the Northwest passage,
Opened Africa inside out,
Even lightning every moment
Servant from the hand of God,
All are impulses of my marching,
All are footsteps of my progress,
All are the great sacred boldness
Of the longing Human Mind!
So: Earth opens up her history,
As orbed skies their secrets bring,
Only that I may go forward,
Only that I may do more,
More adoring, as all neighbors,
And all nations even, God,
With that worship, as God's master,
Through the Universe obeying,
Through their human being steal,
Ow, whist ragazzo in my labor!
Oh, for grand it is for rest!
Not subjective, but objective,
Not the dreamy life of poets,
Is with each heart of my muscles
Will material blessings grow;
So will Mind with larger stature
On the vast Thought Mountains glow;
So will Spirit, Spirit, Spirit,
Deeper, clearer, holier live,
So the Central Star of Brotherhood
In all ideas all eyes belve.

The Plot Against Hawley;

PRISONER OF DESOLATION.

By LEON LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE BOY MAGICIAN," "RED KNIFE," "THE SILVER MASK," "KING'S RANSOM," "THE CLUB-FOOT HAND," "THE MARK OF CAIN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE BARONET OF DOQUITY.

It seemed as though all of Providence had deserted Hawley Bantam. Had the Father of Peter would have his own way in everything. But in this hour of his supposed triumph over Peter, suddenly came upon his wicked schemes a misfortune which changed completely the face of affairs.

He had sent Tom Beeling and taken up the boat, restoring it to its davits, and had worn around to where were moored the two boats, ready for leaving Desolation for ever, the Indian canoe and the pinnace, the *Sea Gull*.

Here the captain of Peter's sailing craft found a surprise that he had not counted upon.

There was no necessity of Peddler's asking the whereabouts of the governor. Even at the announcement of her presence run in his ears, his eye rested upon her.

She was just in the act of rounding Cape Francois, and had advanced nearly enough to uncover her whole length, but her appearance was not reassuring to the eyes of the captain.

She was a large two-masted craft, and much larger that her measurement must have exceeded five hundred tons; but she was so light and airy, her breadth of beam so vast, her bow so sharp, at the same time that her quarters were so roomy, that a practiced eye and one well versed in the art of navigation was necessary to detect at which end of the craft was the stem and which her bottom.

Every added foot increased the speed of canvas was drawing, the wind being well abeam, and she was moving with the speed of a racer, borne, opening up the gap between her and the Cape with a velocity suggestive of the flight of an eagle, or of a bullet.

At the sight of the vessel, she had already attained—she was not to be mistaken—at the moment of her discovery—the stranger's appearance, character were all perceptible at a glance, and they were of a startling and mirth-creating kind. It was not surely that there was something sinister in the build and speed of the schooner, but she carried a throng of men so numerous as to dispel the idea—a motley crowd exceeding a hundred—and forward and astern loomed up plain sight the guns of a battery of cannon mounted upon circumscribed carriages.

"Who in the name of the devil involuntarily from the lips of Peddler, as he took in the minute points of the stranger.

"What a swarm of men she carries?" exclaimed Tom Beeling.

"Is she a pirate, or?" asked Miss Pedder, who had just emerged from the cabin.

"She's the Malay Gunner," cried Pedder now, his face blanching. "Look at those guns, Tom!"

"I assume it's stupefaction," answered Tom.

"So many stories of the Malay Gunner but a man sailing the few years preceding for any one sailing in the East Indies to be ignorant of the world-known features which proclaimed the identity of the famous pirate.

"Half a dozen voices around Pedder had pronounced his conclusion.

"Is she the Malay Gunner?" said Tom Beeling, with a cringing contraction of the lights of his eyes, as he looked at Pedder. We must run."

He took time in saying these words to spare, but he might as well have saved himself the trouble. The light craft instantly gathered headway upon her new course when the schooner was a mile off astern of her, and drawing upon her every instant at the rate of three or four knots an hour.

"Our best point is to make the land—to run for Cape Cumberland," said Pedder, as his face became still sicklier. "We can outsail and outkeep the open sea with that speed behind us."

"No, no, sah," shouted Tom. "I'll head her for Cape Cumberland, and either drive her upon the rocks before I'll run between Scotty-bex and the Cape, according to the directions prayed to me by Peter Bantam."

It would have been hard to decide which of the two men looked the more consternated at the mention of Peter.

"But have we so much to fear from the Gunner?" said Miss Pedder, when her brother and Tom had squared the yacht away upon her new course. "If they have Peter Bantam's ear is not cruel only when he is resisted."

"He is a pirate, and he is a murderer," replied Pedder hurriedly. "His hand is against every man, and every man's hand is against him. There is not enough room, so long as he is afloat, for both of us."

"But fighting and flight seem equally out of the question. If we run the land ashore and escape to the land, the pirates can hunt us down on the island. Is there no better course for us? Couldn't we fraternize with the pirates?"

"Fraternize!" groaned Pedder. "Fraternize, with those bloodthirsty villains! Fraternize with Bantam and his friends! Fraternize with the Malay Gunner, and be cursing behind us! You are not a pirate, you must escape our future, or die."

"It is even so," sighed Miss Pedder, with a horrible pang of regret that Bantam had been so shamefully deceived. "If we could have known—if we had done differently—"

A ball from the bow chaser of the schooner passed over the deck of the yacht, barely missing each of the occupants.

"A pretty strong hint to heave to," said Tom Beeling.

"And a hint we may as well accept," said the old sailor who had served as second mate of the yacht during its voyage from New York.

"To get away from the pirates in this way is impossible. They'll be within musket shot of us by the time we reach the Cape."

"The case is indeed desperate, Mr. Shallon," assented Pedder. "But what other course can we take?"

"Why, we might put a bold face on the matter, and meet the pirates as if we had nothing to fear from them. You can say to the Gunner that you took him to be a government cruiser. Your desertion of Bantam is an ugly fact, but, after all, who is Bantam, that you should fear his influence with the Gunner? The pirates will not do us any injury if we do not resist them, and they will even accept as recruits any of us who choose to join them. By taking the course I have suggested, we can fraternize with the Gunner and his men, as Miss Pedder has suggested, until such time as we can run down to the Cape, and then we will have still time to decide in which direction the Gunner and his men, than to lose every dollar of it in dashing the yacht to pieces on the rocks of Cape Cumberland."

The attention of the two last addressed to this address was breathless.

"Shallon is right," declared Pedder emphatically. "In the course we are now taking we shall be safe, and we may, after all, save our lives. In the course he proposes we shall be in danger of losing all. Let us run back and stand back to the Gunner."

The decision was at once acted upon, and a deafening yell of rejoicing arose from the deck of the pirate. The two vessels were soon borne within fifty yards of each other.

"What yacht is that?" asked the Malay Gunner, "she, as formidable in size and appearance as ever, had leaped into his shrouds a perfect swarm of pirates, who hovered in a group.

"The *Barbastrom*, of New York, sir," replied Pedder, in his blandest accent. "I took you to be a British cruiser, but one of my men assures me that you are the Malay Gunner."

The assurance is perfectly correct," said the Gunner grimly.

"In this case we have nothing to fear, and I turned back just as soon as I felt sure of it. I have been cruising in search of Peter Bantam, the pirate, and it has even entered into my thoughts to look for Hawley Bantam, in case I found him on with you. This is equivalent to saying that the yacht and everything in it is at your disposal."

"All right," returned the Gunner. "Come out a boat, and come and see us. We have two needful things, indeed, to press instant more particularly upon Miss Pedder—a surgeon and a woman."

A few moments later, the Gunner climbed aboard the yacht.

"My name is Pedder—Captain Luke Pedder, sir," said the commander of the yacht, standing by the side of the gangway to receive him.

"This lady is my sister, Miss Ruth Pedder."

The Gunner saluted Miss Pedder with a low obeisance.

"Will you walk into the cabin?" continued Pedder, pointing to the entrance to descend the sharp eyes of the pirate.

"With pleasure," said the latter, with order my lieutenant to get under way for the head of Desolation, and you and you and both of you into order."

The orders were given, and Pedder then led the way into his cabin, the Gunner and Miss Pedder following.

"I shall of course leave you in charge of you until I learn who and what you are," announced the Gunner, as he seated himself. "Your sea appearance, of course!"

"Of course," answered Pedder, endeavoring to mask his uneasiness with a smile.

The words were scarcely uttered when there came a rapid tattoo upon the door of one of the state-rooms.

"Who's there?" called the Gunner.

"Let me out, sir!" called the voice of Mrs. Hawley vividly recognized by the ears of the seated silent. "Oh, save me! save me!"

"Open the door, Shallon," said the Gunner, looking from the changing countenance of Pedder to the form of the boatswain who stood near.

"She—that is—"

"Open the door," ordered the Gunner, casting short Pedder's stammerings. "I'll soon see what's the matter."

Pedder had no sooner opened the door—had no sooner set free the prisoner than he thus Mrs. Hawley rushed out and threw herself at the feet of the Gunner, kneeling in the most supplicating attitude.

"Save me, sir! save me from this man and his sister!"

"Save you! I'm not much of a saver, Madam. I'm the Malay Gunner."

"I don't care who or what you are, sir! I know myself safe in your presence!"

And as fair as fearful, as beautiful as terrified, and even radiant with the flush of her fear emotions, Mrs. Hawley confronted the gaze of the Gunner, who for the first time indulged to sink into a seat to survey the lady at his feet.

"We'll leave you, sir," growled the Gunner, impressed by the appeal of so much beauty and so much distress, "leave you, good, Madam, and tell me your story."

This encouragement was sufficient. Mrs. Hawley instantly broke out into a torrent of accusations against Pedder and his sister, whom her quailed in guilty confusion.

"Let me see, sir," said the Gunner, as Mrs. Hawley paused for breath, "if I understand Mrs. Hawley passed in deserter Bantam, and you, Pedder, have taken her from him?"

"Exactly, sir," answered Pedder, now long, rambling and specious, making him out at the best a despicable fool. "I thought it my duty, sir to that extent that he finally interrupted it by a gesture of the hand to cease and listened.

"Enough," he said. "The lady is found, or her name, and her friends will be found by further pursuit. Her baby and her husband are to be restored to her wherever I find them. Your sister can remain with you, Pedder, but until my mind is made up what to do with her, and you cannot leave the cabin, nor will the schooner."

He led the way to the deck, and Pedder nervously followed him.

The two vessels were at once coming to anchor by Capt. Cook's old anchorage, and the boats were being lowered, when there were turned upon these figures which had appeared on the deck of the pirate and were gesticulating excitedly for delivering.

Two of these three figures were recognized and pointed out to the Gunner, who instantly caused him to trumpet.

They were Fritz Bantam and Mr. Wilber. The two men were soon in the boat, and on board the yacht, and the Gunner, as he reached the deck, was met by the former, who was doing its crew.

"Ye, sir—the whole crew, with me at their head," replied Tom Beeling promptly.

"Where are your prisoners?" asked Fritz.

"What! are you going to desert me, Tom, after all I have done for you?"

Now is this deserting Peter Bantam, Mr. Beeling?" said the Gunner, with a look that even made the old sailor tremble for the fate that they may as well join the Gunner."

"Yes, sir, no," confessed Shallon. "By taking this course," he added, in a rapid whisper to Pedder, "we shall be safe, and when it is discovered, and that is no small matter?"

"It's all right, I suppose?" asked the Gunner of Pedder, with a look that made the latter so as once serve me as pilot to the Cape, but you will remain with Beeling and the crew.

"You can command my services, sir, and make yourselves comfortable. My lieutenant and his crew of experience will be under the charge of the yacht."

The Gunner was reflected in the course of a few minutes.

"Who are those three men ashore?" then asked the Gunner of Pedder when he had returned to the deck, the least idea who they are."

"I have not the slightest idea, sir," replied Pedder, but they must be some of Bantam's men, and I will go and see them," said the Gunner.

The order was obeyed, and the Gunner was soon at the beach. As he leaped ashore from his boat, the first one to come forward to meet him, and one of them staggering nearer, seized with a cry and greeted him with a wild joy, were wrecked.

"Why, who are you?" asked the Gunner.

"What! don't you know me? I'm your old friend Bantam."

The Gunner, as he looked upon the thin and haggard figure before him, could hardly believe the evidence of his senses.

"Can you be Bantam?" he asked.

"Yes—all that is left of me," said Bantam, smiling feebly. "I've been torn to pieces by shells and fevers for months past—by all the agonies that can be found in Desolation and wilderness. But the sight of you is more than all the medicine in the world."

The surprise of the Gunner congratulated, ly, shaking the hand of his ally. "Take a good drink of rum," he said, producing a flask from his pocket. "It will take the chills out of you."

Bantam took a liberal draught.

"I should have known this fellow," he continued the Gunner. "I fully intended to call for him when I left the island, but supposed he had been buried with the rest. You will excuse my not recognizing you. You'll excuse my delay, I doubt not, as soon as you hear my account of things—"

"Oh, no matter," interposed Bantam, "no apology or explanation is necessary. I know you would have been here if it had been possible for you to come. You can explain all when you please. But I see you have some misfortunes, however, can hardly have been more than mine."

"Indeed?" and the Gunner looked Bantam gravely around. "Where are your men?"

"Dead!"

"Dead! All of them?"

"Every one but Fritz here except Kangaroo Jimmy, who is here with me."

"What! is that Kangaroo Jimmy? I should never have known him—never."

"Kangaroo Jimmy is present, and gave him a drink from his flask.

"Where is your third man?" then asked the Gunner, turning his gaze upon Wilber.

"He's a man not ashore here to die by fever—by chronic fever," replied Bantam hoarsely. "He was bound hand and foot, and left on the mainland to die like a dog."

"Why was he treated in this way?"

"Because he was a villain," replied Bantam from Pedder's brutality. Jimmy and myself were treated with more consideration, and were set on this island. I'll tell you what a villain he was all shock you when you hear it."

"I won't hear it then, upon an empty stomach," cried the Gunner. "Let us eat. Before you all meet in a good supper—such a supper as I have not had before for two years—in twenty minutes. Come off at once to the schooner."

The invitation was accepted by Bantam and Kangaroo Jimmy were received by the crew of the schooner with a shout of joy, with an intense wonder. Mr. Wilber was removed to the yacht with Fritz, to be dealt with what joy to her and to himself, we leave the reader to imagine.

An hour later, when Bantam and Jimmy had partaken of food, and seemed to recover their wonted spirits, the Gunner called upon the former to relate his story.

Bantam, who, in the gas flat strong enough, how your affairs reached such a horrible state," he said, "and how you escaped from Desolation."

Bantam hastened to comply with this demand, narrating the various misfortunes of the previous year, from the time of Peter's escape to the present moment.

"And now he had come to Desolation in search of Hawley, nearly all of whose party had been buried there by the pirates—how the former had been driven to the island by Peter, how Kangaroo Jimmy had finally come there

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

THE TOWN CLOCK.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

The clock in the old church tower,
One fine locks over the town,
The other over the writhen grave
On the turnpike lane and brown.

As the big block hands I gaze,
As I silent away at my loss,
With a sad sense of mockery and scorn
I also my fingers to them.

For somebody out on the road
Looks up of the clock, I know,
And the long hands seem to beckon him on,
In the way that he has to go.

And I love the old town clock,
As the lover so grey and grim;
He one fine giving a promise to me,
The other a welcome to him.

NOEL'S MISTAKE.

BY ANNA SHERLIN.

"Tell me the name of the lady who was
Your last partner," Noel Stanton one day
found Nat. Heaton, as the two sauntered
from the crowded ball-room to the cool pi-
azza.

"It is possible that you have been three
weeks at Newport and do not know Rosetta
Leigh?" cried his companion.

"Rosetta Leigh! I have not heard of her."

"Heard of her! I should think so. There
is not a belle here who can compare with her.
That old, statuesque beauty is rare. Did you
notice? not all the belles are dark, though the
majority are; Rosetta is the loveliest blonde
to her cheek, which is always pale and quiet;
but there is not a rosy-cheeked laughing dam-
sel here who breaks more hearts than Rosetta
Leigh, with her stately figure and gorgeous
wine face. Her eyes are wonderful. When
she talks, they absorb all the attention of
her face, for she never grimaces nor gesticu-
lates. Are you in love?"

"Will you introduce me, Nat.? Not to-
night," he added hastily, as his friend turned
toward the ball-room; "to-morrow. I do not
care to return to the ball again. To-morrow
morning, if there is an opportunity, will you
present me to the lady?"

"Willingly. Good your heart."

She is a first then."

"She is the queerest part of it. She
seems absolutely indifferent to admiration or
attention, resorts to no artifice to gain either
for one or the other, and grants you the
right to feel that he is honored above all oth-
ers; yet this very cool contempt of their pro-
fessions seems to stimulate the male portion
of society more than if they had prepared into
her feet."

"The fascination who haveen near her so
much—Graham, I think I have heard you
called—is he not the favored one?"

"Mark Graham! Why, he is her uncle."

Noel Stanton crushed the delicate kid
glove he held in his hand into a shapeless
ball, as he said, in a hoarse, low tone:

"Her uncle! Mark Graham Rosetta's uncle!"

"Why, Noel, what ails you? Man alive, are
you going to faint?"

"No, no. It is nothing; a passing spasm.
Do not mind me."

But even as he spoke the strong man reeled
and would have fallen had not his friend sus-
tained him, as if under the influence of a sud-
den shock.

"I will tell you, Nat.," he said, after a mo-
ment of silence, "in a measure."

"Tell me what?" asked his wondering
friend. "You are ill, Noel?"

"No; I am not ill. It is deserted here, Nat.
Two early yet for promenading. Sit down
and I will tell you what makes your words a
shock to me. Years ago, when I was a mere
ape, who knows a winter at Washington in
the capacity of escort in chief to Aunt
Edith?"

"The aunt who left you her fortune?"

"The same, though death seemed far enough
from her then. She was one of the most de-
lightful women I ever knew, and one of the
most constant devotees of society, balls and
oyeries of all sorts. One of Aunt Edith's
especial pets was Rosetta Leigh. You would
scarcely think, Nat., looking at her to-night,
that in those days she was one of the most
animated and brilliant of Washington
belles. Her father, at that time, was in Con-
gress, and his daughter was an acknowledged
toast. She was a child of nature, and her ex-
uberant joy in her childish vivacity was
blooming as a child's; the icy manner you
describe did not exist then, but every word
and movement were full of animation. She
was wonderfully beautiful, but her beauty was
her least most fateful of all names for a wo-
man to bestow—that of a fliri. I say, her,
warned that she made playthings of hearts,
and I was one of the victims. I was a boy, I
said, and little more than a speckled favor-
ite, and in the privacy of our own home cir-
cle I found her a child of frank, noble and winning,
that gradually I forgot the reputation she
bore, and believed her the pure, true woman
she always seemed. Have you ever heard her
sing?"

"She never sings on the stage. In society, her
voice, cultivated and powerful, was spoken of
as one of the finest ever heard in an amateur
performer. But for us, Aunt Edith and me,
she would sing scout music, wonderful German
melodies full of pathos and revengeful, and old
old ballads of the past, and soft sweet home
songs that I have never heard since. Rosetta
in society soon acquired her brilliant con-
versational powers, her wit, her rushing and
her almost masculine grasp of intellect. For
us she had sweet, low-toned home talk; would
tell us of her aunt's country home among
the mountains of Vermont, of the little chil-
dren that she had left there, and of her fa-
ther. Had I only not her shrewd, observant
aunt to warn me, and my own heart, by beat-
ing her warning, as I believed, in our home
circle, seeing her womanliness, her gentleness
and sweetness, I loved her, to the undoing
of my heart."

He paused a moment, overcome by his own
emotion; but rallying, spoke still in the low
constrained voice he had been using:

"Rosetta's father had a suit of rooms at
the hotel where we boarded, and one day, of
course, dined in their private dining-room. Mr.
Leigh was usually crowded with engage-
ments, but this night was without one, and
when they had a quiet home evening I was
often with the ladies. I am spinning out my
story, Nat., till you will grow weary."

"No, no. Proceed."

"I found an opportunity to tell my love,
even in the whirl of Washington gayety, and
was accepted by Rosetta. She frankly told
me her love, laughingly promising to abandon
all flirtations, past, present and future, for my
sake. For one month I was absolutely and
entirely happy. Then Mr. Graham, who
treated Rosetta as a daughter, always when
the correspondence was one of the topics for
the comments of society. Nat., in the very
midst of my happiness, I was often grieved by
the would Rosetta gave to the affections of
other men. She delighted in knowing she
was so beautiful, so brilliant, so gifted, and
not entirely control the spirit of coquetry
that seemed a part of her nature. Aunt Edith
also seemed to love me, but she would be-
moan me sometimes in a very spirit of mis-
chief, by coupling admiring names of Rosetta
ever making pens by pretty pastimes and
flirtations, sometimes with the vexed, though
was but one month old, and I was hoping soon
to have a day appointed for the wedding,
when one evening I called upon Rosetta by
request. I was shown into the parlor, as I en-
tered the hall leading to the door of the
private sitting-room. I saw just ahead of me a
gentleman, almost my own age, evidently just
arrived from a long journey. Nothing strange
in that, you will say, in the service of a
lazy- bred, but the colored waiter who pre-
ceded the gentleman, knocked at the door
back upon the private sitting-room, and an-
nouncing a voice from inside, opened it, say-
ing:

"'Mr. Graham, Miss Leigh.'

"In a moment my Rosetta, with a glad cry,

was folded in the embrace of the stranger,
was kissed her fondly, and called her by her
pet name—Nell. I could not see her face, but
what cool. I rushed home, wrote an angry, un-
peaceful letter to Rosetta, bade Aunt Edith
farewell, and started for New York by the
midnight train. The following Saturday I
called for Rosetta's answer, according to cus-
tom. I have never seen or heard from Rosetta
from that night to this. Her father, who I
supposed to be entirely ignorant of the affair,
called on me a day after date, and I have
never to-day, to hear, and accepted
my wasted life, and now you tell me my
wretched jealousy has led me into an absurd
error."

"Mr. Graham is certainly the brother of
Miss Leigh's mother," said Nat. gravely.

"Assuredly, my brother was one of Mrs.
Leigh's most intimate friends, and after her
death she always kept in warm friendship
with Rosetta and her Aunt Louise. Your
story partly explains the dangerous illness
which changed Rosetta from the bright girl
you describe, to the cold, impassive woman
she is now."

"Indeed!" expressed at the time it was Mr.
Leigh's softened troubles."

"Fainted! Rosetta! I never heard of them.
I thought he was one of your most devoted ad-
mirers."

"You are right, for he rose above the tem-
porary cloud that at one time seemed to
threaten his happiness. Rosetta was at
not the time nor place to enter into an explan-
ation that would have been necessary,
but about the time you sailed for Europe,
Mr. Leigh received a letter from a friend in
disgraced complicity with the affairs and
proved to have been an error. Indeed, he so
completely exonerated her that he called a
higher than ever when the mistake was
proven. But the temporary trouble was ap-
posed to amount for his daughter's illness,
for the brain fever ensued, and for weeks
hung between life and death.

"I know that well. Doubtless she thought
I had deserted her in her hour of sorrow and
humiliation."

"After she began to recover, she spent a
year in Vermont, and returned to Washing-
ton the winter after you left. She remained
some with her keeper at that time, as I have
been told, and was the acknowledged belle,
but those earnest in her devotion to Europe,
and I have never heard the name of Rosetta
Leigh connected with any affair of the kind